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LITERARY MISCELLANY.

MY LIFE.

My life is like a dark and troubled river,
Whose tide is rolling on to the sea;
Its source, the Infinite, All-Being-Giver—
Its destiny, eternally to be!

Each day is like an angry wave, that dashes
And breaks upon some fondly cherished hope;
Each night is like a thunder-cloud whose flashes
Make visible the gloom in which I grope.

And months and years but swell a inundation
The stream, till with a torrent's rage it moves,
Tossing upon its tide of devastation
The shattered wrecks of fallen hopes and loves!

O God! in that unfeeling, boundless ocean,
To which these desolating billows tend,
Will souls find rest from every sad emotion,
And hearts, to every pang, an end?

Then o'er the rapid let me soon be billowed,
And pass that awful gulch, the end of woe!
My weary soul is longing to be pilloved,
To rest for ever in a calm repose!

From the Young Lady's Friend.

THE DUEL.

BY THE EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD.

The Rev. M.—— was a veteran itinerant preacher of the West. He related many incidents of his itinerant life. Among them was the following, which I give in his own words as much as possible.

About four miles from N—— is an extensive grove, well known as the scene of several fatal duels. As I passed it one morning on my way to my appointment in that town, I perceived a horse and vehicle among the trees, guarded by a solitary man, who appeared to be the driver. My suspicions were immediately excited but I rode on. About a mile beyond, I met with another carriage, containing four persons besides the driver, and hastening on with all speed.

My fears were confirmed and I could scarcely doubt that another scene of blood was about to be enacted in those quiet solitudes. What was my duty in the case? I knew too well the tenacity of those fictions and absurd sentiments of honor which prevailed in that section of the country, and which give to the duel a character of strangely exalted chivalry, to suppose that interference could be successful, yet I thought it my duty to rebuke the sin, if I could not prevent it, and in the name of the Lord I would do it. I immediately wheeled about and returned with the utmost speed to the grove.

The second carriage had arrived and was fastened to a tree. I rode up, attached my horse near it, and throwing the driver a bit of silver requested him to guard him. While treading my way into the forest, my thoughts were intensely agitated to know how to present myself most successfully. The occasion admitted of no delay. I hastened on and soon emerged into an oval space surrounded on all sides by dense woods. At the opposite extremity stood the principals, their boots drawn over their pantaloons, their coats, vests and hats off, handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and tightly belting their waists. A friend and a sergent were conversing with each, while the seconds were about midway between them, arranging the dreadful conflict. One of the principals, the challenged, appeared not more than twenty years of age. His countenance was singularly expressive of sensibility, but also of determination. The other had a stout, ruffian-like bearing—a countenance easy but sinister and heartless, and he seemed impatient to wreak his vengeance upon his antagonist.

I advanced immediately to the seconds and declared at once my character and object. "Gentlemen," said I, "excuse my intrusion; I am a minister of the Gospel. I know not the merits of this quarrel, but both my heart and my office require me to bring about a reconciliation between the parties if possible."

"Sir," replied one of them, "the utmost has been done to this effect, without success, and this is no place to make further attempts."

"Under any circumstance, in any place, gentlemen," I replied, "it is appropriate to prevent murder; and such, in the sight of God, is the deed you are aiding. It must not be gentlemen. In the name of the law which prohibits it—in the name of your friends, the principals—in the name of God, who looks down upon you in this solitary place, I beseech you to prevent it at once; at least, wash your own hands from the blood of these men. Retire from the field and refuse to assist in their mutual murder."

My emphatic remonstrance had a momentary effect. They seemed not indisposed to come to terms, if I could get the concurrence of the principals.

I passed immediately to the oldest of them. His countenance became more repulsive as I approached him. It was deeply pitted with the small-pox, and there was upon it the most cold-blooded leer I ever saw on a human face. He had given the challenge. I besought him by every consideration of humanity and morality to recall it. I referred to the youth and inexperience of his antagonist; the conciliatory disposition of the seconds; the fearful consequences to his soul if he should fail, and the withering remorse which would follow if he should kill the young man. He evidently thirsted for the blood of his antagonist but observing that his friend and the sergent seconded my reasonings, he replied, with undissembled reluctance, that he gave the challenge for sufficient reasons, and that if those reasons were removed, he might recall it, but not otherwise.

I passed to the other. I admonished him of the sin he was about to perpetrate. I referred to his probable domestic relations, and the allusion touched his heart. He suddenly wiped a tear from his eye. "Yes, sir," said he, "there are hearts that would break if they knew that I was here." I referred to my conversation with the seconds and the other principal, and remarked that nothing was now necessary to effect a reconciliation but the retraction of the language which had offended his antagonist. "Sir," replied he, planting his foot firmly on the ground, and assuming a look which would have been sublime in a better cause. "Sir, I have uttered nothing but the truth respecting that man, and though I sink

into the grave, I will not sanction his villainous character by a retraction."

I reasoned with increased vehemence, but no appeal to his reason or his heart could shake his desperate firmness, and I left him with tears which I have no doubt he would have shared under other circumstances. What could I do further? I appealed again to the first principal, but he spurned me a cool smile. I flew to the seconds and entreated them on any terms to adjust the matter and save the shedding of blood. But they had already measured the ground, and were ready to place the principals. "Gentlemen," said I, "the blood of this dreadful deed be upon your own souls. I have acquitted myself of it. I then proceeded from the area towards my horse.

What were my emotions as I turned away in despair. "What! thought I, must the duel proceed? Is there no expedient to prevent it? In a few minutes one or both of these men may be in eternity, accused forever with blood guiltiness. Can I not pluck them as brands from the burning? My spirit was in a tumult of anxiety; in a moment, and just as the principals were taking their positions, I was again upon the ground. Standing on the line between them I exclaimed, "In the name of God I adjure you to stop this murderous work. It must not, it cannot proceed."

"Knock him down," cried the eldest duelist, with a fearful imprecation. "Sir," exclaimed the younger, I appreciate your motives but I demand of you to interfere no more with our arrangements. The seconds seized me by the arms and compelled me to retire. But I warned them at every step. Never before did I feel so deeply the value and hazard of the soul. My remarks were without effect, except on one of the friends of the younger principal. "This is a horrible place," said he, "I cannot endure it," and he turned away with me from the scene.

"Now for it," cried one of the seconds, as they returned. "Take your place." Shudderingly I hastened my pace to escape the result.

"One—two"—and the next sound was lost in the explosion of the pistols! "Oh God," shrieked a voice of agony! I turned around. The younger principal with his hand to his face, shrieked again, quivered, and fell to the ground! I rushed to him. With one hand he clung to the other, the fingers penetrating the sod, while with the other, he grasped his left jaw, which was shattered with a horrid wound. I turned with faintness from the sight. The charge had passed through the left side of his mouth crossing the teeth, severing the jugular vein passing out at the back part of the head, laying open entirely one side of the face and neck. In this ghastly wound had he fixed his grasp with a tenacity which could not be moved. Bleeding profusely, and convulsed with agony, he lay for several minutes the most frightful spectacle I had ever witnessed. The countenance of the spectators expressed a conscious relief when it was announced by the sergent that death had ended the scene. Meanwhile the murderer and his party had left the ground.

One of the company was despatched on my horse to communicate the dreadful intelligence to the family. The dead young man was cleansed of his blood, and born immediately to his carriage. I accompanied it. It stopped before a small but elegant house. The driver ran to the door and rapped. An elderly lady opened it, with frantic agitation, at the instant when we were lifting the ghastly remains from the carriage. She gazed for a moment as if thunder-struck, and fell fainting in the doorway. A servant took her into the parlor, and as we passed with the corpse into a rear room, I observed her extended on a sofa, pale as her hapless son.

We placed the corpse on a table, with the stiffened hand still grasping the wound, when a young lady, neatly attired in white, and with a face delicately beautiful rushed frantically into the room and threw her arms around it, weeping with uncontrollable emotion, and exclaiming with an agony of feeling, "My brother! my dear brother! Can it be—O, can it be?" The attendants utter her wretchedness she wore as they led her away—her eyes dissolved in tears, and her bosom stained with her brother's blood.

The unfortunate young man was of New England origin. He settled in the town of N——, where his business had prospered so well that he had invited his mother and sister to reside with him. His home, endeared with gentleness and love, and every temporal comfort, was a scene of unalloyed happiness, but in an evil hour he had yielded to a local and absurd prejudice—a sentiment of honor falsely so called, which his education should have taught him to despise. He was less excusable than his malicious murderer, for he had more light and better sentiments. This one step had ruined him and his happy family. He was interred the next day with the regrets of the whole community.

His poor mother never left the house until she was carried to her grave, to be laid by the side of her son. She died after a delirious fever of two weeks duration, throughout which she ceased not to implore the attendants, with tears to preserve her hapless son from the hands of the assassins, who she imagined, kept him concealed for their murderous purpose. His sister still lives but poor and broken hearted. Her beauty and energies have been wasted by sorrow; and she is dependent on others for her daily bread.

I have heard some uncertain reports of his antagonist, the most probable of which is, that he died three years after, of the yellow fever, at New Orleans, raving with the horrors of remorse. Such was the local estimation of this bloody deed, that scarcely an effort was made to bring him to justice. Alas, for the influence of fashionable opinion! It can silence by its dictates the laws of man and God—can exalt murder to the glory of chivalry.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 1843.

Eye.—Nothing can be more certain than that the black eye indicates loquaciousness. Is not the sky black before it thunders? and is it not blue when it is tranquil? But who would be satisfied with a sky forever the same sleepy blue? And who would dwell in a climate where the heavens were always black with tempest? Therefore we incline to the hazle or grey eye, which lightens in anger, or melts in good humor. When a pair of these grey eyes fasten upon us, we feel indescribable emotions! We feel as we suppose those fles do in warm weather who turn over on their backs and spin round like whirligigs, in a kind of lilestancy!

Enan.—A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.—Pope.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Mrs. Gen. Gaines.—A Romantic Story.

The history of Mrs. Gaines were it unfolded, would be such to possess something of the romantic. For a long time her parentage was concealed from her. In early life she was brought from New Orleans to the middle states, and for many years lived in the family of a Col. Davis, near Wilmington, Del., passing under the name of Myria Davis, as a niece or perhaps a daughter of this man, who was believed to have possession of some portion of her property. As her mind unfolded with the growth of her person, Myria naturally became inquisitive on the subject of her lineage, expectations, &c., but obtained little satisfaction from her reputed father or uncle. Davis, however, sent her to the best schools that she might receive a finished education, where she learned French, drawing, &c. Arriving at the age of womanhood, with a sprightly mind, a good person, and a very frank, affectionate and confident disposition, Myria became an object of interest to the other sex, who are not insensible to the charms of the more tender portion of our race. Probably the air of mystery that surrounded her, did not diminish that interest.

There was one young man in particular, that was smitten with her charms. Mr. Whitney, son of Gen. Whitney, of your state, a lawyer by profession, an amiable and excellent youth, and in the estimation of Miss Davis, to be preferred before all others to a place in her affections. To his proposals for a union, Miss Davis assented with a frankness which presented a strong contrast to the feelings of her uncle. He was evidently opposed to it, without it is believed assigning a satisfactory reason. Every obstacle however, thrown in the path of the lovers served only to strengthen their mutual attachment. Miss D. fled from the house of her uncle, took refuge in a seclusion which he in vain endeavored to penetrate, and awaited with a maiden's modesty, and a lover's anxiety, the arrival of her betrothed—for lovers will exchange pledges, though it be through stone walls or over tempestuous waves—made a grand mistake in meeting another gentleman by the name of Whitney, who happened to arrive at a certain place in a train of cars, in which at the same hour she expected the real Whitney; but at length when the course of true love had run with roughness to which their young hearts had been strangers, they were happily and triumphantly married.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney went to New Orleans, the seat of some millions worth of property which she claimed as her own, and which she contends is fraudulently withheld from her. Mr. Whitney there investigated the matter with untiring vigilance, met with usual obstinate resistance in such cases, and was, I believe, even thrown into prison. He was not destined either to recover the property or to continue in life with his beloved wife. Mrs. Whitney became a widow, a youthful widow, and a sincere mourner. In this state of womanhood, she was approached by the gallant old General, who sympathized so deeply with her sorrows as to offer to take that place in her heart which had been occupied by her departed. Whether those substantial charms in expectancy had any hand in vanquishing the heart of the old gentleman, it would be presumption in any one to determine, without looking into the interior of his mind, and inspecting his motives. The frank-hearted girl, however, was understood to have assured the brave soldier, in accepting his hand, that one condition must be reserved. She was always to have the privilege of enjoining the character, loving the memory, and descending on the virtues of her first husband, at libitum. Who would refuse such a boon? Of late years the General and his lady have been engaged in travelling as the ministers of peace and good will to man, at times in prosecuting this claim, involving an immense fortune. The law's delay has for a long time held the result in abeyance. But if justice be done, there is little doubt that Mrs. Gaines will win the cause, and come into possession of that property which I sincerely believe has been unjustly denied her.

Mrs. G. is a lady of many fine qualities. Happily, among the list of her virtues is to be found perseverance, and ever buoyant hope which have carried her safely thus far. Should she even fail of her object, fortitude will not forsake her. Resignation will then be expected to adorn the mind which has hitherto been equal to every emergency.

The U. S. Supreme Court have decided the famous case of Gen. Gaines and his wife in their favor. This makes Gen. Gaines worth about \$15,000,000 of property in New Orleans—the richest man in this country.

TEARS.

As the evidences of a deep, intense feeling, of either joy or remorse, pain or pity, gratitude or penitence, nothing can so surely open the heart and hand of humanity, as the tear which will out, and cannot be suppressed. Bloomfield makes old Richard shed such a tear:

"And as he spoke, a big round tear
Fell trickling on his sleeve.
A fellow which he could not stop,
And one all hearts believe."

The conflict between simultaneous feelings of joy and grief is well hit off in two lines by Sir Walter Scott:

"She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye."

This is a picture of what Shakespeare calls an April face, one that exhibits sunshine and shower at the same time.

The tear which is shed unseen, in solitude, by him who is in need, and destitute of relative or friend, and feels the chill of neglect, the absence of all responsive sympathy, is perhaps the most bitter tear of any. It is the tear of one who is isolated, and wretched in his loneliness.

"It is not that my lot is low,
Which bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief which makes me moan,
It is that I am all alone."

A grief "too deep for tears" has been described by poets:

"Tears do not speak all the anguish of grief;
'Tis deeper when pain stops the springs of the eye;
When the heart is confined and deprived of relief,
In the sweet balm of nature, the tear or the sigh."

The advice of "Don't cry about it," is cold, and even irritating to the afflicted, when no means of lessening the affliction itself is ordered. So, also,

"Tis madness a fond mother to disuade
From tears, while on his bosom her son is laid;
But when grief's deluge can no higher swell,
Declining sorrow you'll with ease repel."

"No rule without exception," is a rule that applies even to tears; for, as Sam Weller says,

"there's some people who have 'em always ready laid on, and can pull out the plug whenever they like." They are living water-pots, but never reviving anything that comes under their influence.

GATHERINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

RICH AND POOR.—It is impossible that society can long subsist, and suffer many of its members to live in idleness, and enjoy all the ease and pleasure they can invent, without having at the same time great multitudes of people that, to make good this defect, will condescend to be quite the reverse, and by use and patience injure their bodies to work for others and themselves besides.—Mandeville.

FREE GOVERNMENT.—Republicans furnish the world with a greater number of brave and excellent characters than kingdoms; the reason is, that in republics virtue is honored and promoted, in monarchies and kingdoms it incurs suspicion. Machiavel.

OF PUNISHMENT.—There are dreadful punishments enacted against thieves; but it were much better to make such good provisions, by which every man might be put in a method how to live, and so to be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing and dying for it.—Moore.

LIBERTY.—Liberty is, to the collective body, what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by man—without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—Bulwer.

IGNORANCE.—It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it, hath it not.—Bishop Taylor.

OR ABUSES.—There is a time when men will not suffer bad things, because their ancestors have suffered worse. There is a time when the hoary head of inveterate abuse will neither draw revenge, nor obtain protection.—Burke.

The London Age has the following poetical squib on Bulwer's visit to the United States:

"So Bulwer must travel in Dickens' track,
And the great western world must explore;
Descending to be a mere bookseller's hack,
And scribble his wanderings o'er.
Then look out for thunder, from 'down east' to Tex."

You have of non-paying debtors;
If by promises broken and 'stocks' you can vex us,
He'll pay you all off in his letters."

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE."—A fellow named Woodman lately married a young lady named Tree, and the third day after the wedding the brutal scamp whipped her.

The London Punch says, Henry the Eighth's usual way of acting for a new wife, was by chopping the old one's head off.

The police of Baltimore have succeeded in arresting a gang of notorious burglars, who have been prowling about committing their depredations in that city.

Why is there reason to suppose that the whigs of the great convention were crazy?—Richmond Star.

Because they tried to make a Bank out of Clay, we suppose.

"Alligator," "Wildcat," "Tiger Tail," distinguished "Native Americans," are on their way to Washington.

Count D'Oranjo, son of the celebrated French Fouché, is now in St. Louis, preparing for an expedition to the Rocky Mountains.

The fat Backeye girl is amusing the Philadelphians at one of the museums of that city. They wonder there how, being so fat, she has contrived to escape the lard-oil speculators.

The city of Boston pays over one-third the whole State tax. Lowell stands next.

The receipts of Ole Bull's first concert in Boston, on the 23d ult., were only eighteen hundred dollars!

GOOD SPUNK.—An old lady refuses to support the whig candidate for Vice President,—she says she never did like hyson,—she always takes souchong.

General Boyer, who was driven out of Hayti, is making arrangements to proceed to Jamaica, probably to be near the theatre of operations in Hayti.

A gang of Counterfeiters, some fifteen or twenty, have been arrested in the interior of Illinois. The counterfeiters found in their possession were principally fair eagles.

A child was lately burned to death in New York—having been left alone, by the mother, in a wicker cradle near the fire.

"Squire," said Mr. F., entering the office of a well known magistrate, "I have an account I wish settled; will you attend to it for me?"

"Certainly, sir—what is it?" "It's my cash account—thirty dollars short—will you'd collect the balance for me?"

A letter from Greenville, South Carolina, dated the 24 ult., states that Judge Earle died suddenly of a stroke of paralysis in that village, on the morning of that day.

The exports from New Orleans, says the Crescent City, has, during the quarter ending 31st March, amounted to more than \$19,000,000, and more than double those of any previous quarter.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention, for the Diocese of Tennessee, was in session at Nashville on the 25 ult.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.—The sales of the public lands during the last calendar year, amounted to 1,639,674 acres, and produced more than \$2,000,000, exceeding the proceeds of sales for the previous year, more than six hundred thousand dollars.

FISHY!—The host of the Star Hotel, Philadelphia, has received from the west a huge catfish, weighing 176 lbs., which was sent on to him by a committee of friends from Cincinnati.

GONE TO GRASS.—A few days since a cow fell from a precipice on the top of the Blue Hill, opposite Northumberland, Penn., into the river. The declivity is almost three hundred feet in height, craggy, and almost perpendicular.

LARGE CARGO.—The British ship Greenock cleared at Mobile on Saturday for Liverpool, with a cargo of 4000 bales of cotton, which, the Herald says, is the largest cargo ever cleared from that port. Its weight is estimated at 1,911,001 lbs., and its value at \$135,163.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—The Richmond Star answers by producing John W. Bear! Insane!

THE SENTINEL.

Cadiz, June 19, 1844.

LETTER OF GOVERNOR POLK. IN FAVOR OF THE RE-ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.

We publish below the letter of JAMES K. POLK, the Democratic candidate for President, on the Texas question, in reply to a Committee appointed by a large number of citizens of Cincinnati, opposed to the Annexation of Texas. The letter is short, but very clear and expressive. We presume there is but one opinion among Democrats relative to Annexation. We believe every Democrat with whom we have conversed has expressed himself in favor of the measure; and while some are for immediate annexation, others agree with Mr. VAN BUREN that annexation at this time would be premature. We are certain that nothing is gained by the postponement of the settlement of great international questions.—The Maine boundary has been defined, by a Treaty recently made, but our territory has been shamefully presented to a nation that has ever been our natural enemy. Our title to Oregon is as clear as our title to the State of Ohio, and yet the subjects of Great Britain have been occupying it for years, unobstructed, and stealing—(yes, that's the word, stealing) thousands upon thousands of dollars worth of furs; and yet our Government, instead of taking possession at once, as a man would take possession of his farm, when occupied by an intruder, talks about negotiating for it! "The shameful—its disgraceful! Let us settle these questions of territory and boundary at once—let the proud bird of liberty spread her protecting wings from the St. Lawrence to the Rio del Norte,—from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean—let every intruding hand of Great Britain be kicked from our shores—let our own people occupy our soil, and let our laws protect them in the enjoyment of their rights.

—But we are keeping our readers from Mr. Polk's letter:

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE,
April 23d, 1844.

GENTLEMEN—Your letter of the 30th ultimo, which you have done me the honor to address me, reached my residence during my absence from home, and was not received until yesterday. Accompanying your letter, you transmit to me as you state, "a copy of the proceedings of a very large meeting of the citizens of Cincinnati, assembled without distinction of party, on the 23d instant, to express their settled opposition to the annexation of Texas to the United States."

You request from me "an explicit expression of opinion upon this question of annexation." Having at no time entertained any opinions upon public subjects which I was unwilling to avow, it gives me pleasure to comply with your request. I have no hesitation in declaring that I am in favor of the immediate re-annexation of Texas to the territory and Government of the United States. I entertain no doubt as to the power or the expediency of the re-annexation. The proof is clear and satisfactory to my mind, that Texas constituted a part of the United States, the title to which I regard to have been as indisputable as that to any other portion of our territory. At the time the negotiation was opened with a view to regain the Florida, and the settlement of other questions, and pending that negotiation, the Spanish Government itself was satisfied of the validity of our title, and was ready to recognize a line as far west of the Sabine, as the true western boundary of Louisiana, as defined by the treaty of 1803 with France, under which Louisiana was acquired. This negotiation, which had been first opened at Madrid, was broken off and transferred to Washington, where it was resumed, and resulted in the treaty of Florida, by which the Sabine was fixed upon, as the western boundary of Louisiana. From the ratification of the treaty of 1803 with France, until the treaty of 1819 with Spain, the territory now constituting the Republic of Texas, belonged to the United States.—In 1819 the Florida treaty was concluded at Washington, by Mr. John Quincy Adams (then Secretary of State) on the part of the United States, and Don Luis de Onis, on the part of Spain; and by that treaty this territory lying west of the Sabine, and constituting Texas, was ceded by the United States to Spain. That the Rio del Norte or some more western boundary than the Sabine could have been obtained, had it been insisted on by the American Secretary of State, and that without increasing the consideration paid for the Florida, I have not a doubt. In my judgment, the country west of the Sabine, and now Texas, was most unwisely ceded away. It is part of the great valley of the Mississippi, directly connected by its navigable waters with the Mississippi river, and having one been a part of the Union, it should never have been dismembered for it. The Government and people of Texas, it is understood, not only give their consent, but are anxiously desirous to be re-united to the United States. If the application of Texas for a re-union into our confederacy shall be rejected by the United States, there is imminent danger that she will become a dependency, if not a colony of Great Britain—an event which no American patriot, anxious for the safety and prosperity of his country could permit to occur, without the most strenuous resistance. Let Texas be re-annexed, and the authority and laws of the United States be established and maintained within her limits, as also in the Oregon territory, and let the fixed policy of our Government be, not to permit Great Britain or any other foreign power to plant a colony or hold dominion over any portion of the people or territory of either. These are my opinions, and without deeming it necessary to extend this letter, by assigning many reasons which influence me in the conclusions to which I come, I regret to be compelled to differ so widely from the views expressed by yourselves, and the meeting of the citizens of Cincinnati whom you represent. Differing however, with you and with them as I do, it was due to frankness, that I should be thus explicit in the declaration of my opinions.

I am with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES K. POLK.

To Messrs.

S. P. Chase,
Thomas Heaton,
T. Finkbine,
G. Bailey, Jr.,
Samuel Lewis,
Committee, &c.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

The London Times states that trade in France is in a deplorable condition.

The Letter of a Patriot.

We last week briefly alluded to the letter of Mr. VAN BUREN, written to the Democracy of the city of New York. We now take great pleasure in laying that letter before our readers at length, and we are quite confident that it will be read with that attention which the Democracy of the country have ever given to the opinions of the illustrious Patriot of Kinderhook. There is not a sentence in the letter that can be distorted into anything like disappointed ambition; but it breathes throughout the noble sentiments of a pure heart and clear head.—The last paragraph, in which allusion is made to the "lion-hearted Democracy of the city and county of New York," is an eloquent and just tribute to a body of men who never quail when the hour of trial arrives.

LINDENWOLD, June 3d, 1844.

GENTLEMEN—I had the honor to receive by the hands of Mr. Gansvoort Melville your communication requesting me, in behalf of a convention of delegates from the several Wards of the city and county of New York, to preside at a Mass Meeting of the Democracy to be held on the 4th instant, to respond to the nominations of the Baltimore Convention.

Upon retiring from the Presidency I thought it would best comport with the respect that was due to that high station and to those whose favor I had been raised to it, to restrict my participation in the political contests of the day to the faithful exercise of the right of suffrage, with unreserved expressions of my opinions upon public questions to those who deemed the latter of sufficient importance to call for them. The adoption of this rule was at the time publicly announced to my political friends, and has ever since been scrupulously observed. Subsequent events have only confirmed the propriety of its continuance and permanent observance. It is therefore with unfeigned regret that I find myself constrained by circumstances, which I cannot and ought not to disregard, to decline the request to preside at a meeting of a portion of my fellow citizens, than whom no men possess stronger claims to my respect, my confidence and my esteem.

But let me not for a moment suppose that, in thus yielding to the proprieties of my position, I am in the slightest degree influenced by lukewarmness, much less hostility to the success of the Nominations to which it is the purpose of those you represent to respond. Far, very far is that from being the true state of my feelings. I have known Messrs. Polk and Dallas long and intimately. I have had frequent opportunities for personal observations of their conduct in the discharge of high and responsible public duties. The latter has, by my appointment, represented the country abroad with credit and usefulness. They are both gentlemen possessed of high character, of unquestioned and unquestionable patriotism and integrity, able to discharge the duties of the stations for which they have been respectively nominated with advantage to the country and honor to themselves. Concurring with them in the main in the political principles by which their public lives have been hitherto distinguished, I am sincerely desirous for their success. I am by no means unapprized of the occurrences remotely connected with these nominations which have caused pain and mortification in the breasts of many sincere friends throughout the Union, who have honored me by their continued and disinterested friendship.

But I am very sure that I can rely on their past fidelity and honor for a ready concurrence in the saving principles of our political creed, that no personal or private feelings should ever induce us to withhold our support from nominations, the success of which would be conducive to the permanent interests of the country. These, therefore, who think as I do, that its future welfare is in a great degree dependent upon the success of those great principles in the administration of the Federal Government, which we have hitherto espoused, and in the respect to which the two great parties of the country have for years been divided, cannot, I am sure, fail to merge all minor considerations, in sincere and undisguised efforts to promote the success of the candidates of the democratic party.

Having now said all that the occasion calls for, in regard to the general objects of the meeting, I must be indulged in a few parting words to the lion-hearted Democracy of the city and county of New York. Never before has a public man been honored by the support of truer, firmer, or more disinterested friends than they have been to me. In prospect I have scarcely known where to find them; in adversity they have been with me always. Through evil and good report, I have found the masses of the New York Democracy the same unobtrusive, but insubstantial friends. The happiest, by far the happiest day in my whole political career was that on which, on my return from Washington, they met me on the Battery, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, which would have kept fair weather friends at home, and extended to me, a private citizen like themselves, their hard hands, and opened their honest hearts in a welcome a cordial as man ever received from man. They need no assurances to satisfy them that I shall be forever thankful for their unsurpassed devotion to my welfare—they know that I can never cease to cherish with grateful recollections the honored relation of Representative and Constituent which has existed between us for so long a period, in such varied forms and which is now forever closed.

I have the honor, gentlemen, to be very
Respectfully, your friend and obedient serv't.
M. VAN BUREN.

To Gansvoort Melville, Richard B. Conolly, W. A. Walker, and Wm. McMurray, Esqs., Committee.

THE WHO PARTY.—"They have no honest principles to keep them together,—their only cement is a sympathy of hatred of every man of purer principles than themselves."—J. Q. Adams.

How pregnant with truth the remark of Mr. JEFFERSON: "In proportion as a republican remains faithful to his profession he is loaded with Federal abuse—in proportion to recreancy, he is greeted with its praise."

The barn of Mr. Fisher, near Emmitsburg Md., was struck by lightning on Sunday evening last and consumed; and two horses therein were killed.